

# Gabby Hayes

## Western

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IN THIS ISSUE:

**THE BATTLE OF  
GUNSHOT GLACIER**

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**Dr. J. H. P. M. van der Wal**, President

**GABBY** *in* **THE BATTLE OF**  
**HAYES** **GUNSHOT GLACIER**

ANY AND EVERYBODY  
FROM ANYWHERE  
PUBLISHING, BECAUSE  
AND SOON WILL BE THE  
BRIGHT HEADLINE  
OF ALL BY FINDING A  
SALARY - NOTHING  
TO DO

**M**ET LEAD MINES, WITH  
COLD ICE, A PREHISTORIC  
FOUR ATTACKS A CONCRET  
ED ADVENTURE...AND IT  
ALL MAKES A CHILLING  
THRILLER FOR BARRY IN  
THE BATTLE OF  
GUNSHOT  
GLACIER

WOW! THAT  
SPARKLING PROSESSOR  
SOUNDING IN HORN-  
ING IS WITH SOME  
BERRY-LOOKING  
COGNAC!

WE AREN'T THE ONLY ONES  
SEARCHING FOR CLASHOT  
CLASHOT, MA, HANDED!  
LOOK WHO'S HEADING  
UP THE TRAIL!

ADITY GUNNY  
KAROL, AND FRED  
LAWREN, MR. HANCOCK  
THEY'RE KIND ENOUGH  
TO HELP ME.

DON'T  
 HONOR  
 THOSE WHO  
 DON'T TRY  
 TO REDEEM  
 THEMSELVES









**A FURIOUS BLEZZARD SUDDENLY BATES THE  
GLACIES!**





GABBY HAYES WESTERN

# Loco Lew

EYES RIGHT!

(YAWN) I SHOULD ASKED! IT'S ACHONNA FEEL MIGHTY GOOD HITTING THE RAY AFTER TENDING THOSE SHEEP ALL DAY! I OPRINE IT WON'T TAKE ME TEN SECONDS TO FALL ASLEEP!



COMING COMIC ATTRACTIONS

# LASH LARUE WESTERN



104 SOON TO APPEAR AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 104

# YOUNG FALCON

and The  
Scaly  
Monster

THE DAY, HE YOUNG FALCON RANDED THROUGH THE HILLS...

AAAAHHHHHHH!

THAT BEVE - HE SCREAMING AND RING TOWARD THE DAIN. HE IS IN SUCH TERROR HE KNOW NOT WHAT HE DOING!

THAT ALL SPIRIT DEFENDING THE TOWN OF TONK. THE PRINCE OF MOUNTAIN! THAT IS THE PRINCE THAT CONQUERS YOUNG FALCON, SON OF A CHIEF AND LOVE HUNTER OF THE MOUNTAIN.

HE HAS REACHED THE BANK. I MUST SEE IF HE STILL LIVES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER!

AND WORKING LATER...

HE IS STILL ALIVE. FROM HIS TRIBAL DISCUSSION I SEE HE IS A WARRIOR. THEIR CAMP IS AT THE EDGE OF THE HILLS. I WILL CARRY HIM THERE!

NOON AFTER...

HOW REVERENT I AM YOUNG FALCON. I SAW YOUR BROTHER WAS IN TERROR AND I WOULD BE THE HILL!

CHIEF BIG BEAR, COME QUICKLY! IT IS KUNDA HE IS BEING HURT!





WHAT OF THE OTHER BEAVERS?  
I SAW NO OTHERS, JACK!



THERE WERE THREE OTHERS WITH ALMA! THAT IS THE THIRD HUNTING PARTY THAT HAS GONE TO THE HILLS! AND FAILED TO RETURN! ONE OTHER BEAVER MADE HIS WAY BACK TO CAMP BECAUSE HE DROD FROM HIS INJURES!



HE RAN OUT OF HIS HAND WITH TERROR AND FOOLISHLY MURDERED ABOUT THE BEAVERS THAT INHERIT THIS FOREST! NOW AN PEOPLE IS LOOSE! LOSE CAMP!



THEY FEED SOME EVIL SPIRIT DRUGS IN THE HILLS! AND PERHAPS THEY ARE RIGHT! NOT EVEN THE PERCENT COURAGE OR BEAR COULD GO WYE OUT IN HOT BEAVERS!

I WILL GO AND SEEK OUT THE BEAVER FOR THOSE STRANGE WHISPERINGS!



I HAVE HEARD OF YOUR BRAVERY, YOUNG FALCON! BUT GO TO THE RIGHT HERE AND GO TO TOWN, AFTER YOU HAVE RESTED!

AGREED, IT WILL GIVE ME TIME TO CHECK MY BOY AND FIND A SPOT WYED TO TAKE!



AND AT TOWN!

GOOD FORTUNE, YOUNG FALCON!

I WILL RESTORE FRIENDS!



LARGE, AS YOUNG FALCON ENDS TRACKS OF THE OTHER HUNTING PARTIES —

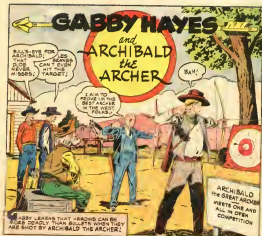
IT IS PLAIN THE OTHERS' CARE THAT I WILL GO ON!





# CHIEF GRAY MATTER







ON THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, A SERIES OF HOLD-UPS IS STAGED BY A MYSTERIOUS MASKED ARCHER.

HAND OVER THE DOUGH, GENTS! IT'S JUST AN ARMY TO HIT YOUR HEARTS AS TO HIT THAT CIGAR ASK!

E-P! WHAT SHOOTING!



SHOOTING WITH UNUSUAL SKILL, THE ARCHER SPREADS TERROR IN HIS VICTIMS!

SHREDDER, HARK! THAT VAGABOND NESTER MISSED!

HAND OVER THE PAYROLL!



SHERIFF SLYM CRACKLES THROAT ACTION!

ONLY ONE HORSE CAN SHOOT ARROWS LIKE THAT!

REP! IT'S THAT PURE ARCHER!



SPLIT UP, MEN! WE'LL MAKE THE RANGE SO HOT WE'LL BURN THE VAGABOND'S EYEBROWS!

LET'S GET THE COYOTE CORNER!



FROM THIS PEACH I CAN COVER MILES OF PRAIRIE!



GREAT BALLS OF FIRE! THE GABBY HAYES' HOUND IS THE BIRD!



WAWOO! HE'S COMING THIS WAY!










MEANWHILE, HOTLY PERSECUTED BY SLIM DODGLES & POSSE, ARCHBAIRD SEES GABBY'S PREDICAMENT FROM AFAR!



ARCHBAIRD MAKES A MIRACULOUS TRIO OF SHOTS!





# STEAMING MUSTANG

*A Gabby Hayes Tall Tale*



**I** WAS riding alone from the south border camp towards home, and I was deep in thought. In fact, I was mighty worried. And you know when Gabby Hayes is worried, it has to be a mighty big problem that worries him. It's not likely that any little mease of a pibble will turn my whiskers grey.

Times were pretty bad that year. There'd been a considerable drought, money was scarce (Aunt Hester hadn't come into her inheritance yet), and all the banks were foreclosing on squatters who couldn't meet their notes.

For while it had looked as if the Bar Nothing was pretty safe. We had a contract to get a shipment of beef to market by the fifteenth, and the payment for that would be aplenty to meet the bank note. Then we ran into a heap of trouble. My boys and me were rounding up the longhorns to get ready for the drive to market when the rustlers struck.

I never have figured out how these ornery sidewinders happened to pick on us just then. I allow that they must've got a false rumor that I was dead or at least deceased. No rustling rummy in his right mind would otherwise dare to stick his crooked nose within twenty miles of the Bar Nothing. It is known far and wide that I am pure gone to swiftness.

However it be, these rustlers came and tried to buzz away some of those cows with the Bar O brand on them. When I got wind of it, I went whooping and swooping after them. They were so a-fraid that they practically froze in their tracks, and I captured them all without any help—except from the twenty men who were with me.

But all that shooting and whooping scared the cattle, and they stampeded every which way. It took us three days to round them all up again, which put us way off schedule. I didn't see how in the world we'd ever get them to market by the fifteenth. And of course, if we didn't get them there by the fifteenth, we wouldn't be fulfilling our contract, and we

wouldn't get paid. If we didn't get paid, you wouldn't be able to meet our note from the bank. Then the bank would foreclose and we'd lose the Bar Nothing spread. I was mighty blue and deep in thought as I rode back from the line camp, so I wasn't paying any attention to where I was going.

All of a sudden there was a roaring blast of a whistle. It took me the dead. Corker jumped twelve feet in the air and I popped right out of the saddle. By the time I came down, Corker was racing off over the plains like as if twenty devils were after him. I landed on something hard and had the wind knocked out of me and was a bit addled. Though I wasn't seriously hurt, having landed on my hind.

When my eyes came back into focus, I looked up and saw a big, black monster bearing down on me, puffing and screeching and steaming. I had landed plumb in the middle of the railroad tracks!

I rolled off of those tracks just as that iron horse came to a stop right where my head had been. I was hopping mad! Can you blame me? This steam-racing ogre was running right across the Bar Nothing spread, it had scared my poor horse out of his wits. It had flopped me onto the tracks and had tried to run me down!

I jumped up and ran toward the cab of that thing, shouting both my protests into the air. There was a fellow in the cab wearing a top hat and two other fellows in work clothes and I gave them a piece of my mind. I told them they'd better get that wood-burning steaming plumb off the property or I'd fix them good. The fellow in the stovepipe umbrella tried to say something but I shut him up. I popped lead into the air a couple more times and said I was going after my runaway horse and they'd better all be gone by the time I got back or they'd be sorry. I stalked off, whistling back-battering for Corker. I had to travel quite

a way, and better quite a bit before he heard me. But Corber is a good horse—the best in the West—and as soon as he heard me, he came loping back. And I handed him some and gave him a lump of sugar and told him everything was all right. So he knew that was so, because it was his master, the great Gabby Hayes, that told him.

I forked the saddle and turned to ride back to where that thundering railroad train had been. As I drew near, I saw it had a long string of empty box cars attached to it, and a great idea came to me. It popped into my head all of a sudden because I've got a mind like a steel trap. "Oh, sure that'll work!" I told myself. "I'll load all the cattle into these box cars and we'll start right into market and we'll get there by the fourth day enough."

Of course, I had cooled off considerably from being angry at the train. When I rode up, the man in the stovepipe was sitting alongside the train, looking kind of sad. "Don't shoot!" he said. "I'm innocent."

Well, I laughed and told him I didn't want to shoot him. I only wanted to rent his train. I had assumed he was the owner and that was right. He introduced himself as Achman Topoka. And he said, "You can rent my train, all right, but there's nobody to run it. With all your shooting, you scared off my engineers and firemen. They took it on their heels, into the foothills. They're a couple of cowboys and not used to all this gunplay."

"Mr. Topoka, do you know how to start this contraption?" I asked.

"Yes, but . . ." he said.

"No buts about it!" I interrupted. "We'll load the cattle aboard, you show me how to start her, and we'll drive her in to market. I never saw a bronze yak, bush or iron, that I couldn't break!"

To make a long story short, we loaded the beasts into the box cars. Lots of the weddies objected to working so close to a railroad train. Like most of the men of their day, they were dead set against railroads. But I'm a progressive man myself, and I say when you have to get beef to market, you do it the best way you can. After the mowing and hawking serge was loaded into the cars, not one of the cowpokes would ride with us, so it was up to Mr.

Topoka and me to take them to market by ourselves.

He showed me which lever to pull to start that train. It began chugging and sneering, and started moving ahead. We took turns throwing wood onto the fire box. It was hot work. But we kept chugging along, and I knew that at this rate we'd get the cattle to market on time. When we hit the down grade on Belated Hill, we were flying like the wind. I turned to Mr. Topoka and said, "By the way, you told me how to start this iron horse. How do you stop her?"

He said, "I tried to tell you, but you interrupted. I only know how to start it. I don't know how to stop it!"

Well, sir, I was fit to be tied. Also I was scared to death—for the first and only time in my life. I called him every kind of a damned fool. I'd have jumped off the train and left him there, only it was going too fast. I yelled at him so loud he hunkered down in a corner like he was paralyzed. I kept pulling all the levers and switches I could find, but each one seemed to make the blasted thing go faster. Neither one of us was throwing any wood on the fire. I can tell you.

Then the truck headed off and we were getting into town, toward the market. I had tried everything else, so I yelled, "Whoa, Iron Horse! Whoa!" To my amazement, he started slowing down. Slower and slower, and he stopped, just at the cattle market platform. I'll let you in on a secret. It wasn't my "whoa" that stopped him—he'd just run out of steam!

I WAS kind of black and sooty when I got back to the Bar Nothing with the check from selling that cattle on time, and to tell Aunt Hester I had saved the ranch. I thought she'd call me a hero. But instead she said, "This is very fine, Gabby, but I already paid the bank note. I used the money the railroad gave me for the right of way across a corner of our land."

Can you beat it?

THE END

Don't miss the GABBY HAYES TALL TALE  
on each issue of  
GABBY HAYES WESTERN!



# GABBY HAYES

## RIDES A WHALE!

HERE I LAND A WHOPPER  
FOR THE CONTEST! FIFTY  
DOLLARS BARS & LOT  
OF VITLES!

YEA HUNT GOT A CHANCE  
AGAINST MR. NELLIE!  
WHAT'S MORE, YOUR  
CATCHES RUN OUT AT MY  
STORE!

**P**oor old Nellie  
Buckart needs  
a big fish—but all  
she gets is a small  
bait. The gallant  
fisherman of the sea  
nothing battles a  
villain to a penny  
and fishy fish when  
he  
**RIDES A  
WHALE!**

**COMING!**  
GABBY HAYES  
MONSTER STUFFED  
WHALE!  
Now see by bringing  
the money and

**WHAHO!**  
I GOT A WHOPPER!

TAKT  
PART! BULL  
BUTTER OWN  
& ALL GENERAL  
STORES—AND I  
CAN'T EVEN BUY A  
CAN OF BEANS!

HEH HEH!  
I'VE TELL MY  
FRIENDS SEE  
THIS BEAUTY!

OH! THE  
LUCKY GABBY!  
IN SO MANY  
TO BATTLE FOR  
A BARGAIN!

